THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXV. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, APRI 1915. No. 16

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THE MYSTIC'S PRAYER.

Lay me to sleep in sheltering flame,
O Master of the Hidden Fire!
Wash pure my heart, and cleanse for me
My soul's desire.

In flame of sunrise bathe my mind,
O Master of the Hidden Fire!
That, when I wake, clear-eyed may be
My soul's desire.

—Fiona Macleod.

Pacific Theological Seminary

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered as 2nd-class matter.

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BILLY SUNDAY AND BOOZE.

If the movement to secure Billy Sunday for a campaign against the liquor traffic in England is successful great good no doubt will be accomplished. Mr. Sunday has shown himself to be a great power against intemperance. It is said authoritatively that wherever he gives his address on "Booze" hundreds of men give up drinking, and that in every way the ranks of those who are fighting the saloon are considerably augmented. Mr. Sunday is strong also as a fighter against the social cancer. At one of his addresses in Philadelphia twenty men fainted when he pictured the blight which followed sexual sins—sins due in large measure to drink.

A business man in Scranton, Pennsylvania, stated in an article in the Sunday School Times in January that on a conservative estimate the number of total abstainers in and around Scranton had been increased by Mr. Sunday's work by ten thousand men, not counting the women.

The climax of enthusiasm was reached in one of Billy Sunday's meetings for men only in Philadelphia, when he poured out for 15 minutes his arraignment of and defiance of the liquor traffic. When he shouted out, "I'm going to preach about this next week," the tenseness that had prevailed gave way to spontaneous laughter, as the men wondered what he was going to do next week, after such "a flood of irresistible argument and pleading and denunciation."

An article in the Sunday School Times for February the 28th states:

"A few weeks ago a Philadelphia man and his wife decided to give up drinking. When the regular case of beer was delivered to the house the woman reported that she asked the driver to remove all of the empty bottles that were in the cellar. 'Now you may take away that full case of beer, and not bring any more here.'

" 'Would you mind telling me,' said the liquor man, 'whether Billy Sunday had anything to do with this?'

" 'Yes, he did,' answered the woman, 'we've been to the meetings and decided not to drink any more.'

" 'You are the tenth customer,' he said, as he prepared to depart,—'you are the tenth customer that I have lost today on account of Billy Sunday.'

"And that was two weeks before the Booze sermon was delivered!"

When finally Mr. Sunday did give the booze sermon this was written about it:

"It was twenty minutes after six when he began to preach, and for an hour and forty minutes he turned that platform into a battle-ground on which was being fought a supreme battle for America's boyhood, manhood, and womanhood against the diabolic forces of evil that found their expression through the American saloon. The sixteen thousand men pronounced their verdict at the close. It was the same verdict that the men of the afternoon had given. When he asked how many men would pledge themselves to "vote her dry" when they had a chance, the throng seemed to rise as one man, although here and there were two or three that kept their seats."

In an address in Philadelphia, speaking of the duty of Christian men to vote against the liquor traffic, Mr. Sunday shot forth this startling sentence:

"I tell you if the man who votes for the saloon doesn't go to hell, the drunkard who does has got the right to walk up on the judgment day and shake his fist in God Almighty's face and say, 'God, it wasn't a square deal.' "

No man who heard that from Mr. Sunday, uttered in his dramatic and picturesque way, would ever forget it. It would sink deep down in his consciousness as a truth which would come to the surface often to condemn him if he went on voting for the saloon.

Elijah P. Brown, of Ram's Horn fame, says that "many of the hardest blows the saloon giant has ever received have been dealt by Billy Sunday." Of his great "booze sermon" Brown says: "It is one of the most effective and hard-hitting specimens of eloquence against the saloon that ever fell from the lips of man. If every man in the country could hear him hurl it forth, as Jove hurled thunderbolts, it would hasten the coming of the glad day when the whisky dragon shall be forever destroyed."

William Jennings Bryan once remarked that Mr. Sunday would make one of the greatest political speakers the country has known if he were to give his attention to politics as he has to preaching. And it has been said that he would have made one of the world's great actors if he had turned his talents in that direction.

It is said that once when, a few years ago, he gave his impersonation of the call of God to Evan Roberts, the great Welsh evangelist, the hearts of many stood still, and they fancied for a moment that they really heard the voice of God summoning Roberts to the work that was done by him in Wales.

The call of God today to the peoples all around the world is to destroy the liquor traffic. Billy Sunday with his dramatic personality evidently has dealt it some of the hardest blows, and his entrance on a special campaign against it not only in England but in our own country as well, would be widely hailed.

"JAPAN MUST HAVE A PLACE IN THE SUN."

The words which form the caption to this article were used by Mr. K. K. Kawakami in an article contributed by him to the New York Times one day last week. Mr. Kawa-Kami is an eminent Japanese who is residing in this country, and who is the author of two books of considerable value, "Asia at the Door," and "American-Japanese Relations."

The article in the New York Times was drawn out of the excitement aroused by the recent demands of Japan on China. He writes:

"Certain American critics contend that the Japanese program in China violates the spirit, if not the letter, of the open door principle. I do not share this view, but even presuming that the Japanese demand does not conform to

the spirit of the open door, the American Government would find it embarrassing to criticise Japan, after it has tacitly indorsed the anti-alien land law of California which by cunning device makes a feint of observing the letter of the treaty with Japan, but which most flagrantly violates the spirit of that treaty.

"Japan must have a place in the sun. Her intercourse with the enterprising, aggressive Occident during the past fifty years has infused into her fresh aspirations and energies. Had America and Europe permitted Japan to remain in her seclusion, she would have been well satisfied with her lot in her little archipelago. But the Occident forced Japan to open her doors at the point of the gun, and imposed upon her modern tools of war and industry. As the result, the Japanese has become so enterprising that he finds his country all too small for his activities. So he crossed the seas to find a wider field of activity; but 'white Europe' and 'white America' told him to go home and mind his own business. If he must emigrate, he was told, he must go to Asiatic countries, not to the 'white man's' lands. Wherefore the Japanese retraced his steps and went back to his ancient archipelago. But he finds it impracticable to destroy the system and machinery of industry which the Occident imposed upon him, or to suppress the spirit of enterprise which the Occident infused into him. This fact the West must bear in mind if it is to understand Japan's Chinese program.

Japan will try to exploit the resources of China by all legitimate means—means which will not infringe upon the sovereignty and integrity of China. She will also take such steps as are necessary to prevent the passing of any section of Chinese territory into the hands of any Western power. There is strong belief among the leading men of Japan that if China were to be left to take care of herself she would be compelled to cede territory and various important concessions to ambitious powers of Europe, just as she had to cede Manchuria to Russia and Kiao-Chau to Germany. If Japan were to restore to China Kiao-Chau and all the concessions enjoyed by Germany before the war, it would not be long before China would have to hand them over to some European power. The result would be another war, Just as the Russian seizure of Manchuria was the inevitable cause of the war of 1904. Japan is convinced that it is neither advisable nor wise to pull the chestnut out of the fire simply to benefit another crafty power. The Japanese demand in China, though apparently excessive, seems precarious condition. Whatever may be the Western innot altogether unreasonable in the light of China's present terpretation of that demand, it seems to be the sincere intention of the Japanese leaders to guard China's integrity by establishing Japan's foothold on the Asian continent."

Before proceeding to the foregoing utterances, which include the declaration that the United States should be slow to criticise Japan even though the demands on China should not be found to conform to the spirit of the "open door" principle, Mr. Kawakima set forth what he thought to be the meaning of the "open door" as given in the instructions sent out to American Ministers by Secretary Hay in 1899. Mr. Kawakami said:

"First—That no power will in any way interfere with any treaty port or any vested interest within so-called "sphere of influence or interest" or leased territory it may have in China.

"Second—That the Chinese treaty tariff of the time being shall apply to all merchandise landed or shipped to all such ports as are within said sphere of influence (unless they be free ports), no matter to what nationality it may belong, and that duties leviable shall be collected by the Chinese Government.

"Third—That no power shall levy any higher harbor dues on vessels of another nationality frequenting any port in such sphere than shall be levied on vessels of its own nationality, or any higher railroad charges over lines built, controlled, or operated within its sphere on merchandise belonging to citizens or subjects of other nationalities transported through such sphere than shall be levied on similar merchandise belonging to its own nationals transported over equal distances."

Be all this as it may, it is evident that there is considerable apprehension because of Japan's demand on China.

The appeal which was cabled President Wilson a few days ago from China at an expense of six thousand dollars, and which characterized the Japanese demands as acts of aggression which would present a menace to the United States, was signed by such men as that Presbyterian veteran, W. A. P. Martin, and Chauncey Goodrich of the American Board.

On the other hand, the New York Independent has just had from Count Okuma, Premier of Japan, a message to the people of this country which declares:

"The uneasiness and suspicion in the United States in connection with Japan's negotiations at Peking are based on misunderstanding and misinformation scattered broadcast by interested mischief makers.

"When the negotiations are disclosed it will be found:

"That Japan has not infringed the rights of other nations.

"That Japan has adhered strictly to the principle of equal opportunity.

"That Japan is not attempting to secure a monopoly over China.

"That Japan is not attempting to create a protectorate over China.

"That Japan is not seeking to secure in China any advantage which does not accord with the Anglo-Japanese alliance or with any treaties or undertakings with the United States.

"We have fully informed the United States and other interested powers as to Japan's purposes."

It is not possible for The Pacific at this time to discuss this question intelligently—to point out whether the open door principle is violated by these demands, nor to state whether the Japanese aggression is such as to be a danger to China and a future menace to the United States; but of this we are convinced, that Mr. Kawakami stated what every Japanese believes when he wrote the words, "Japan must have a place in the sun."

She intends to have it peacefully if possible; but if not that way, then by war if thus she can secure it. For that she strives and will continue to strive.

A place in the sun is something Germany has long coveted. When she thought she was being thwarted in every effort to secure it she stood ready to plunge into war, and last August did so plunge.

In the light of that broad fraternity taught by Jesus of Nazareth, whose life and teachings foreshadowed and foretold the final destiny here upon the earth of all the peoples of the earth, who will dare to say that both of these nations are not entitled to "a place in the sun"?

It is to be hoped that the United States Government will consider the demands of Japan on China, and our relation thereto, from the standpoint of right and justice, and without regard to what may perchance happen to us in the

future. Ascertain the right, or what seems to be the right, and do it. Let justice be done though the heavens fall! If for the last hundred years the nations of Europe had been guided by this principle, and had not always stopped and asked what would be the effect of this move and that move on their future, there would be no war in Europe today.

Will the United States have the courage to blaze a new road?

THE NEEDS OF RURAL WOMEN.

An Interesting Compilation from United States Government Reports.

In October, 1913, the Secretary of Agriculture sent out from Washington to several thousand women on the farms of this country a letter asking them to express themselves as to the educational, domestic and economic needs of rural women.

The women to whom the letters were sent were wives of the volunteer crop correspondents. These correspondents are among the most progressive farmers in their communities, and it was thought that their wives would be qualified to present the needs of rural women in such a manner as to indicate to the department of agriculture how it might best serve them.

The replies numbered 2,241, representing however a much larger number of women, inasmuch as many transmitted opinions of their neighbors and of women's clubs, granges, and church societies.

In several instances the letters were signed by men who wrote either on their own initiative or recorded the views of their wives. The report which the department issued last month, and from which we make up this account for the readers of The Pacific, states: "The pleasant feature of the replies from men was that the vast majority of them seemed to recognize that the women on the farms do not always receive their full due, and that improvements are needed to free them from unnecessary drudgery and to make their lives happier, less lonely, and more endurable. Letters from men expressing selfish or narrow views of the rural woman's place, or resenting the department's endeavor to help them, were entirely exceptional."

The excerpts from these letters are given anonymously, and it is stated that their publication in no way implies that the Department of Agriculture indorses their views or suggestions or is responsible for their statement of local conditions. "Many of the letters are descriptions of conditions peculiar to special farms or neighborhoods, rather than applicable throughout the state or district."

The letters disclosed the fact that many women were wholly unaware of publications by the Department of Agriculture and other federal departments dealing with the very things which they recommended for consideration.

In the report on "The Educational Needs" we find the following from a California woman:

"There are hundreds of us women who have spent nearly all our lives, first going to school, then teaching, clerking, doing office work, or the like. Most of us had no opportunity nights or holidays to learn to keep house, or we were too tired to attempt anything systematic when the chance offered. We know generally about care of a house, cooking, table setting, laundry work, etc. But we know nothing accurately. We get married to farmers, office men, laborers, whose means are not any too great. And one day we wake up to the situation of being very incompetent, wasteful, disorderly, unscientific, and far from economical in our house administration. We can't afford to be what we are. Our husbands are careful business men. We wish to be careful business women. But we don't know how. Can't the Department of Agriculture help us out? Could there not be a course of study by mail, beginning with the simpler kitchen work, and following up the idea all the way to the finish? It seems to me there could be, but I can't make any plan. I hope that you can really do something to help out the intelligent but untrained young housewife. P. S.—I don't mean a cookbook. We have loads of them already. I mean instruction."

A Washington woman writes: "A great help to the rural women would be a library. We have women's clubs here, and the nearest library we have access to costs us 50 cents boat fare to get to it. In our debates, papers, etc., we certainly have a crying need of a library."

"Of good and instructive literature there is but very little; in many homes none. The majority of families have a musical instrument, either organ or piano. But the music—it is either hymn books or 'rag time.' In some homes both together."

From a Kansas woman came the following: "To do anything for the farm woman, indolence, ignorance, and indifference will be to contend with. I can see no better way than compulsory education taking in high school and manual training, with domestic science for both sexes. A trained hand and mind will find a way out of difficulties where an untrained one would despair."

An Ohio woman replied that she had never had a thought of being neglected, but now that the Department had called attention to it she had become conscious of the fact that the girls and women have not received the attention that has been given the boys and men. "They have special schools for them and valuable prizes were offered at our fair for the boys who were the best judges of cattle for beef, for milk, etc. Why not have something like this for the girls on something pertaining to their work? Why not provide for teaching the girls and women in domestic science? Why not have a contest for the girls as you do for the boys in the corn contests? I am told in one of our States a canning factory for tomatoes was erected and every girl allowed to raise one-tenth of an acre of tomatoes, doing all the work but plowing, allowing $2 for the land. Perhaps flower culture or something else would be as well. Why not have special training in sewing and in conducting a business meeting, in addressing a meeting, and in voice culture?"

In replying to the questions as to the educational advantages for the children one California woman said: "The present status of rural education is a disgrace to our nation. . . . The boys and girls on the farms are being cheated by cheap school people."

Another Californian complained as follows:

"The modern school compels one to send to town where the school is graded, perhaps 2 or 3 miles away. This adds much to the strenuous life of a farmer's wife, and especially in the winter months when the days are short, to say nothing of the danger to the health of the children with perhaps wet clothing, as the school authorities make no provisions for a change room and drying arrangements. Again, the same authorities seem to consider the teacher, as they take three of the best months and with the longest days as their holidays. The winter months

in California are the busiest on the farm—putting in the crops, pruning and spraying—thus calling for every bit of help available.'

Turning to the "Domestic Needs" we find one California woman saying as to Food:

"I would suggest that the department might serve a useful purpose by issuing instructions upon wholesome cooking. No fancy cooking is wanted on the farm, but simply plain wholesome food prepared in the most digestible form; also instructions against unwholesome dishes or food combinations. It is coming to be well known that the health and even the morals of many young people on the farms are ruined by unwholesome foods or wrongly prepared foods."

As to Household Economy a Washington man writes:

"Another thing that the housewife should know more fully is the art of economizing. Enough is wasted in the average American home to run almost twice the number of people in the present way. The housewife should know the principles of rural economy. Just how she should be taught that I can not say. It certainly is a great problem. Americans have always been extravagant. They must stop this or the increase in population should stop."

But over on the next page comes this from a Kansas woman:

"You might give us some bulletins on—'How I keep my family of four on three hundred a year.' There are a good many women do that here, and do it well, too. Some married men with families are living on $30 per month wages."

An Idaho woman puts up this charge: "Many farmers' wives, while having an abundance of health-giving food to supply the table, know nothing about food values. They will prepare a meal composed entirely of starchy vegetables, fried pork, white bread, and bread pudding, congratulating themselves that their family has nothing to complain of when they come to the table."

Under "Man's Social and Labor Duty to the Woman on the Farm," we find a Michigan woman expressing herself very suggestively as follows:

"Self-expression is the longing of every human heart, and a person who does not so express himself is a failure and life is a disappointment. The farmer expresses himself in the farm. You see many a farm where there is a cement floor in the barn to which he will point with pride —the cellar in the house awful. A sheep dip, but no bathtub; a fine buggy and a poor baby carriage. The farm woman who had simply her own housework to do with even some little chance to earn money to buy the little things which she, not her husband, considers necessary, some little time to do the fancy work to decorate her home, some little choice about the expenditure of money, would be much more contented and happy. On many farms a hundred dollars in cash are not spent in the home in a year."

A Washington woman proffered this suggestion: "As a man and his wife are supposed to be partners, I would suggest some laws made whereby she can have some part of the income taken in (especially on farms) set apart for her use, for if a man wanted a plow he would not think of asking his wife if he might buy it, while if his wife wants anything for use in the house she can ask and often be told, 'I cannot afford it,' when to her certain knowledge there perhaps has been money spent for unnecessary things that she has had no part in sufficient to cover the cost of the article she needs a great many times over."

A Kansas woman declares: "If every farmer's wife could receive the wages of an ordinary hired girl for her very own it would open her eyes to new vistas of accomplishment. It would remove the first cause of half the divorce proceedings instituted by women. It would stop the hegira from the country to the town."

Lest, however, an erroneous impression should go out, we quote here a paragraph by the government official who edited the reports:

"Many women write that their husbands are in every way admirable, and are ready and anxious to provide them with facilities and comforts, but simply have not the money to purchase anything beyond the bare necessities of life. Judging from these letters, a large number of farmers at the end of the year have very little cash, and are under the necessity of borrowing money at high rates of interest and on short-term mortgages to provide food for their families, supply fertilizer, and purchase absolutely needed implements. Apparently, many of them are living a year ahead of their incomes, and the returns from crops, if good, barely suffice to wipe out the indebtedness or meet interest charges for money borrowed to make the crop."

For example a Pennsylvania woman wrote:

"If the farmer had the capital, the farm woman would not be neglected. It is not so much lack of brains as it is a lack of funds. Give the farmer a chance and the farm woman will be taken care of."

An Ohio woman volunteered this:

"When a man is 'pinched' for money on a farm, as in other business, the whole family suffers through it. A woman is entirely under the condition of her husband's finances. I think one of the greatest needs we farm women have is the assurance of long-time loans of money at a low rate of interest to aid our husbands to get a foothold."

The need for closer touch with the consumer was presented by an Idaho woman:

"If we would get a reasonable price for what we raise, our husbands would soon make arrangements so we could enjoy ourselves. Last year we sold our potatoes for 27 cents a hundred pounds and sack cost 8 cents. Some farmers put a slip of paper in the sack with their address for the consumer to let them know what they pay for the same, and the answer was $1, $1.50, and $2 a hundred pounds. Now we hear so much about the high cost of living. Where does it come in at? And tell us farmers to produce more for our land. We raise good crops. When we sell our wheat what do we get for it? We look in our paper at Kansas City market prices. We get less for 100 pounds than the price is in the above city for a bushel, 60 pounds. So you see over 40 pounds goes to the middleman and railroad company, and so it is all the way, going and coming. What we have to buy is unreasonably high, but our town merchants go well dressed and ride in automobiles, open their stores at 8 a. m. and close at 6 p. m., and in summer on Wednesday close at 1 o'clock p. m. They all agree and say we 'get the farmers' money just the same.' If you would send a man out here to investigate, my husband will take him over this county, so he can see for himself in what condition this country is. He can show you better than I can write you. Sugar is made right at our door and costs us $1.50 more than it is in Kansas City."

That this is the condition widely is evident from letters from many different parts of the country. A Nebraska woman wrote: "My husband sold hogs last week, fattened

on 75 cent corn, at $7.10 on the foot. The consumers bought the pork next day at 23 cents a pound."

Replying to questions relating to health a North Dakota woman suggests:

"A real good doctor book written by an intelligent mother in everyday language to tell you just what to do in a crisis instead of calling a doctor. Which can tell you how and why and when to give a good dose of castor oil, or a thorough application of peroxide or vaseline, Jamaica ginger, corn starch, or red pepper or antiphlogistine. Also how to use disinfectants—chloride of lime, formaldehyde, and whitewash. Just give one a good common understanding of simple remedies and preventives."

Here, the department called attention to the Medical Handbook, which may be had for 50 cents. Although designed for the Alaskan School Service of the Bureau of Education, it is directly useful also for country women.

A Kansas man expressed the conviction that some laws regulating doctors' fees were required.

"People get sick and have to have a doctor, good or bad, and they must put up on the spot, or, in other words, spot cash. Lots of people have not got that these hard times. If the fee was, say, $5 instead of $15 or $25, they might meet it. A doctor has no more right to $25 or $75 a day than the farmer or wage earner in other occupations."

A California woman after remarking that for the farm mothers the trying times of sickness in the family are almost always more than anyone should be asked to endure, made the suggestion: "The department can aid us by giving some bulletins on how best to care for ailing ones with our meager resources for help. Traveling nurses, doctors, and hospitals would meet a real rural need. If these had the support of the department, it would invest them with strength in the eyes of the country folks."

In response to a question as to clothing, etc., a man sent in the following, which applies to other women than those on the farm:

"Personally I will say that in the matter of women's dress, women generally, and farm women as well, are the slaves of fashion. In this they are binding upon themselves their own burdens. In this matter farm women at least ought to stand in a class by themselves as representing at once the practical and the economical. True beauty and comeliness in dress for either men or women is practical utility in connection with quality. Beyond that it is mere ornament, and not beauty or even good form. There is also a moral side to this dress question which, while not relevant to this matter, would be rightly settled if women would come into their own right in a practical way. When farm women as a class will stand right for a standard of utility without the frills that puts the approximate cost of the extras into quality, the greatest step in modern progress on these lines will have been made. If this appeal, as such, could find response by the farm women of this country, their burden would at once be lightened and society benefited to an untold degree."

And a woman sent this: "The terrible fashions woman is prone to try to follow are not uplifting. If women could strike a happy medium in clothes and not be constantly changing from one style to another, it would be better for them."

Men in love with themselves never waver in their devotion.—Life.

THE PROHIBITION PROBLEM IN ENGLAND.

Last week the New York Times interviewed captains and other officers of the liners from British ports on the Prohibition movement in England. They were of the opinion that any prohibition act that might be passed by the British Parliament would not affect British workers and their output unless it included beer.

Whisky, brandy and other spirits are drunk generally by the wealthy and the upper middle classes over there, they say. Clerks and other persons of modest means drink bitter ale, which costs 18 cents a quart, but the laboring classes, especially the dockers, live chiefly on beer, which costs 6 cents a quart or "pot." Occasionally this is varied by mixing the dark beer called porter with a strong ale at 8 cents a pot, which is called " 'arf and 'arf." In very hot weather the dockers, sailors, and soldiers mix the ale with ginger beer and call it "shandy gaff."

In very cold wintry weather the porter is sometimes served hot with a dash of gin and essence of cloves, and is much beloved by cabmen, bus drivers, watermen and dockers, under the familiar name of "dog's nose."

No British statesman has ever dared to tamper with the right of the British workingman to his beer. Mr. Gladstone even had a bill passed sanctioning clubs for the workingmen, where they could get beer on Sunday, and other days and nights after the ordinary beershops were closed. The subscription to these clubs is $2.50 a year in quarterly installments, and they do a roaring trade. On Sundays, when the saloons are only open from 1 to 3 p. m. and 6 to 10 p. m., the landlords give pieces of dried salt herring to their customers to increase their thirst, although it is really a waste of material. The capacity of the ordinary worker around the docks in London, Liverpool, or Cardiff for beer is astonishing to the uninitiated. They take beer for breakfast, dinner, and supper. A man goes around the docks with a barrel on a truck for the men to get their pint at 11 a. m. and 3 p. m. This is to prevent what is known as a "sinking feeling."

Capt. Arthur R. Mills of the American liner Philadelphia says he asked one of the Liverpool longshoremen if he had breakfasted, and the man replied: "Not a drop yet, sir."

A workman asking for Scotch whisky and soda at a bar would be regarded as one who was trying to live above his class. Everybody remembers the contemptuous reference in Chevalier's song about the coster who inherited money to his

"Drinking Scotch and soda on his own."

The dock laborers of all classes are now earning more money than they ever dreamed of before, and consider that it is no use to them if they do not have Saturday afternoon and Sunday off to get drunk on their favorite tipple.

Putting money in the savings bank is looked upon as throwing it away, because the State has to care for their families when they are out of work. Even John Burns never dared to counsel the men of the Dockers' Union, who elected him to Parliament, to cut out their beer.

The general idea is to start drinking after 12 o'clock noon on Saturday and keep it up till Sunday night and then go to sleep. Frequently the cheerful imbibers do not work on Monday.

The wealthy classes spend their week-ends out of town golfing, and the workingmen spend theirs in town drinking. Pots of beer, unlike whisky, do not make them queer in their actions, but only "beery" and argumentative about

their rights. It is a dazed condition somewhat similar to that of the Arab after he has taken hashish, only the working men do not dream of Mahommed's seventh heaven of delight when they go to bed. They snore heavily.

A coal heaver who was testifying for a friend in a Liverpool Police Court recently was asked by the Magistrate how much beer his comrade had taken in a certain beershop at one sitting. "Oh, about four pots apiece," was the reply.

"Four quarts!" exclaimed the startled Magistrate. "Don't you mean glasses?"

"No I don't," said the man, with righteous indignation. "I mean pots, quarts if you like it better. Why, Lord luv yer, Guv'nor, that aint enough to cover yer boots."

Factory owners have fought for years to cut down the beer evil, which has become a menace to all industries and trades in England.

The late Lord Wosleley stopped the ration of rum served to the British army in the Egyptian campaign in 1882, and gave them tea and cocoa instead. Two regiments, the Forty-second Black Watch Highlanders and the Eighteenth Royal Irish Regiment, refused to accept the substitute, and stood out for their tot of rum. They won and the Royal Irish captured Wolseley's prize of $500 for the quickest march the desert to Tel-El-Kebir.

The men of the British Navy of all ranks, from Admirals down, are allowed two tots of rum, called "three water grog," which is served out twice daily. Those who abstain from it receive 8 cents a day, and thousands of the young seamen today save this allowance for an entire three years' enlistment.

Soldiers get beer at 6 cents a quart at the canteen on shore, and have a pint served out free on troopships. During wartime they have been accustomed to get two or three lots of rum daily like their fellows in the navy.

Two of the most popular songs for many years on the English music hall stage were entitled "Blowing the Foam Off the Top" and "Beer, Glorious Beer."

The officers of the liners believe that if the British Government should pass an absolute prohibition act it would be the best thing for the welfare of the country, but it can't be done, they say.

SECRETARY BRYAN, THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, AND PROHIBITION.

Among the events of recent date most significant and worthy of attention is the writing of the letter by Secretary of State Bryan to the Democratic national committeeman in Iowa. In that letter or in a statement made a little later Mr. Bryan said that he hoped to see the Democratic party take the prohibition side wherever the question was raised. We quote from Mr. Bryan's letter as follows:

"The Legislature of Iowa has voted statutory prohibition, and has also submitted to the people a prohibition amendment to the constitution. It becomes necessary, therefore, for the voters of Iowa to act upon the liquor question, both in choosing another Legislature and in voting upon the amendment submitted. The democrats of Iowa, constituting a considerable portion of the voting population, must take action upon this subject both in the nomination and election of legislators, and also directly as they vote upon the prohibition amendment.

"I take it for granted that the democratic party will act upon the subject in its state and local conventions, and even if it does not, the individual action taken by the members of the organization will, to a greater or less extent, commit the party on this subject, and thus affect the party's strength in the state.

"It is proper that the national committeeman should represent the attitude of the party on this question; in fact, the liquor interests have already ruled out one good man because he is 'dry.' The only way in which the sentiment of the party can be made evident in advance of a convention or an election is for each person to vote as he thinks, if he acts as an individual, or as his constituents think, if he acts as a representative.

"The liquor question is a moral question and our party's hope of success in the State of Iowa for years to come will, in my judgment, depend upon the manner in which it meets this question and the position it takes upon it. If I were a citizen of Iowa I would make my opinion on the subject manifest by casting whatever influence I had in favor of the selection of officials who would not be controlled by, or under obligations to, the liquor interests, but would be positively and definitely committed to the home as against the saloon. The brewer, the distiller, and the saloon keeper are in conspiracy against all that is sacred in the family—against all that is good in industry and desirable in government. I do not mean to say that every brewer, every distiller, or every saloon keeper is consciously conspiring, but the business in which these men are engaged is the enemy of progress and civilization, and they are not in a position to oppose the influences that dominate it. Those who represent the liqour interets are conscienceless in their methods; thy debauch the individuals through whom they act, and any party to which they dictate. The democratic party can only hope for success when it gives expression to high ideals and makes itself the champion of the noblest principles and the best policies. Whenever a moral question is raised, therefore, there is but one side to it, unless the party is willing to sell its soul for a support which cannot be more than temporary and which cannot be accepted even temporarily without the forfeiture of public respect.

"It does not matter much what particular individual is chosen as national committeeman, but it matters a great deal whether he stands on the moral or immoral side of the line that separates the forces that are soon to engage in political battle in Iowa. It would be far better to take an obscure man who is right on the liquor question than a well-known man who is wrong on the liquor question, for an unknown man ceases to be unknown when he becomes the exponent of a righteous cause—he borrows strength from his cause; whereas, individual strength and personal influence dwindle into nothingness under the blight of an unholy alliance with an immoral cause. If, therefore, anybody asks you my opinion, you may say that in any contest between a 'wet' and a 'dry' candidate for national committeman, I am for the 'dry' candidate, and that I shall be greatly disappointed if the democratic party in Iowa does not throw the weight of its great influence against the liquor interests and all that they stand for or desire."

Commenting afterward on this letter Mr. Bryan said:

"The letter explains itself. It was being urged in behalf of one candidate that I favored his selection. When this was brought to my attention, I felt that if my opinion was desired, it ought to be given to all, and that the reasons for that opinion should be stated so that the democrats of Iowa would know what weight, if any, to give to it.

"The prohibition question is an issue in Iowa, and this fact is so clearly understood by the liquor forces that one

of the leaders of the 'wet' element of the democratic party in Iowa objected to a very excellent man, on the ground that he belonged to the 'drys.' If the liquor interests insist upon making the question an issue in the selection of a national committeeman, those opposed to the liquor traffic cannot well ignore the issue. As a matter of fact, the liquor question now being before the people of Iowa, it could not be ignored in the selection of party officials no matter which side desired to ignore it.

"I do not know to what extent the liquor question will be an issue in the campaign next year. At the present time it does not seem probable that it will find a place in the platform of either the democratic or the republican party, but there is no reason why the national committeemen should not represent the sentiment of the party on this subject as on other subjects.

"Prohibition is not an issue in all the states, but wherever it is an issue I hope to see the democratic party take the prohibition side. It cannot ally itself with the liquor interests without losing its moral standing and the moral standing of a party is the thing that gives it permanent strength. A surrender to vice or immorality seldom gives even a temporary advantage to a party, but even if temporary advantage could be secured by such a course, it would be at the expense of the permanent welfare of the party. It is not only right for a party to take the moral side of a question, but it pays to do so."

APPOMATTOX AND FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

A Sermon by the Rev. Charles F. Clarke of the Fruitvale Congregational Church, Oakland.

On Palm Sunday, April 9th, fifty years ago, General Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, and the war between the States was practically ended; on the Sunday following the nation was horror-stricken with the news that the night before President Lincoln, who had been shot on Friday night, had died. People in all parts of our land today are rejoicing that for fifty years peace has continued between the States and that misunderstandings and differences have been settled in a brotherly way and the nation is one nation more completely than ever before. Had it not been for the great conflict in Europe we would be celebrating with our mother land one hundred years of peace between the great English-speaking countries.

There are critical periods in the progress of civilization, when the great souls of a nation lead the people to some newer height, or when they defend some position already gained from foes without or from traitors within.

One of these great crises was when God sifted out a band of Pilgrims which was not to find resting-place for its feet until upon the shores of this continent they found a place where they could plant the religious and political ideas which were to become the life-giving principles of a new nation. When the hungry rabble, called by courtesy an army, met and defeated the picked flower of England's veteran corps; when the loose confederation of States solidified into a united nation—this was America's first heroic age. Democracy was founding a nation; a few attempts had been made before, but this was the first on a large scale. There were few precedents to follow, and conflicting theories. On the whole the work of foundation laying was well done; but there were a few great questions that could not be worked out in a decade or two.

Was this one nation or a confederation of States, each independent and possessing the right to nullify any action of the central government, of which it did not approve or which interfered with its policies? Could these States secede from the Union at their pleasure? There was also left open the only question that so far as we can see could cause nullification or secession. A question which we would have supposed would have been settled by the framers of the Constitution; but which, on second thought, we see could not have been decided by them. I mean slavery. The proposition that all men are born free and equal, and have the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, did not mean the same thing to the signers of the Declaration and drafters of the Constitution who held slaves and those who did not. The Great Master said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and he whose death we lament today amplified the text thus, "I do not believe this government can exist permanently half-slave and half-free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall; but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of extinction, or its edvocates will push it forward, till it beomes alike lawful in all the states—old as well as new, north as well as south.

From the adoption of the national constitution to this day there has been no question that has so agitated the nation as this of slavery. It came up constantly; compromises would not down it; laws, constitutions and supreme court decisions were of no avail. Suddenly men, like Whittier, Lowell, Phillips, Garrison, Beecher, Parker and Storrs wrote and preached; Lovejoy published. They were condemned, mobbed, murdered, but the shadow on the dial moved on.

"The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on:
Nor all your piety nor wit can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

Suddenly a great book appeared—a book which, next to the Bible and Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress, has had a greater circulation than any other in the world's history; a book that more than any but the two mentioned has reached the hearts and consciences of mankind—Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Preaching more powerfully than poem or sermon, it awakened a nation's conscience.

One night a black hand knocked at a humble door in Springfield, Massachusetts. The door was opened by John Brown, who listened to the tale of danger and suffering of a runaway slave. The slave was fed and the children sent to bed; but John Brown sat by the fire musing. The next day he talked all day long with the slave, then at night, locking the doors, he told his family his decision. He moved to the line of the underground railway, and became one of its most active passenger agents. Then came the removal to Kansas in the interests of "Free Kansas." The Pottawattomie affair, his rash attempt on the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and his martyrdom followed in quick successsion. A nation was hurrying toward a fratracidal war. Nearly every one saw the danger; few hoped to be able to avoid it. The last preparatory act in the drama

was the organization of the Republican Party and the election of Abraham Lincoln as President.

Humanly speaking, this was the greatest blunder the North had yet made. Nothing could now prevent hostilities. It was bad enough to form a new party, but to nominate the comparatively unknown Lincoln instead of Wm. H. Seward, or even Salmon P. Chase, was too much for the South. Not only were its views of nullification, secession and slavery defied; but all its traditions of refinement and culture were affronted in the selection of a rough, uncouth man of obscure parentage and commonplace home life. But wisdom is justified of all her children. Honest Abe, as his friends called him, Old Abe his enemies called him, was to become to countless thousands Father Abraham.

This was the cause of man; it was a movement among the masses; a war was due which would appeal to the masses, and the President and Commander-in-Chief must be one who could understand the masses and be understood by them—only one who had come from the ranks would do. In all the country not another could have been found with the requisite qualifications. We sometimes sing, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," but the wonder is that we do not see and understand, for he usually uses the most natural means to accomplish his purposes. Lincoln, the man from the masses, of the masses, was the man for the masses. God had raised him up for this hour. His ancestry, his homes, his struggles—all prepared him for his post.

He was a great soul, believing most firmly in a personally directing God of the nation, too big for the narrow creeds of the day; but looking to God in every event, he always led the people; but not till God had said to him, "Now is the time; now they will follow." Bitterly assailed by the Abolitionists for weakness and dilatoriness in promulgating the Emancipation Proclamation he could wait till the hour had struck. During the dark days of the early part of the war, before people had made up their minds the proclamation would have complicated matters, and perhaps would have further divided the North and the war would have been lost. After one of those terrible defeats that the North had so often suffered, President Lincoln appealed to God, telling him as friend to friend that the nation could not stand another such defeat and solemnly promising that if God gave our armies victory he would issue the proclamation, and he kept his word. The time had indeed come. The North, instead of being further divided, was more united than ever, and the attitude of the European governments, especially England's, changed, for governments could no longer openly espouse the cause of the South for that would have aroused the populace, who now first clearly saw the real issues at stake. This may be said to have been the turning point of the war, though it was to drag out its weary length for more than two years, and many were the dark hours yet to come before daybreak at Appomattox.

Never, perhaps, since Jesus of Nazareth, has man been called upon to endure what Lincoln passed through. Tender-hearted as a woman, agonized by the sight of even a dumb animal's suffering, he was called upon to be the Commander-in-Chief of an army in the greatest war the world had seen. He was a great believer in men, but he was maligned by his enemies, misunderstood by his friends, and his generals and advisors were often broken reeds. He was a great believer in a personal God, who directed the affairs of men and nations, and who was on the side of right, yet his armies, which he loved, were again and again routed. Times innumerable the cause of his nation and his black brothers seemed doomed; but through it all he endured as seeing Him who is invisible, until at last opposition was overborne, the right men were in command, and Vicksburg, Gettysburg, and the March to the Sea gladdened his heart; and finally the greatest general the South had produced surrendered the remnants of the south's most gallant army and the warrior harnessed his charger to the plow. Then the world knew that this "government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

But Abraham Lincoln was not to live to enjoy the fruits of his labor; before another Sabbath had rolled around the tired eyes had closed in eternal sleep, and the great soul had gone to the country of perfect and eternal peace. The nation mourns, we would that his rest had come to him in a different way, but surely he had borne all man could have asked him to bear, and while we believe that some of the distressing things of the reconstruction period would have been avoided had his hand been on the helm, we also think that he had done his full share and it was no more than right that another should have taken up the task.

Why did they fight? To settle the questions of nullification and secession, the rights of the states and of the central government, the question of slavery? Yes, surely, but this, the second heroic age of our history, is in the world's life part of the great critical age of which our first heroic age was the beginning. Back of and above all national questions settled by our war there were questions of world progress. Democracy has been fighting its way to the front; America for nearly three hundred years has been the leader in the advance of democratic ideas; she has assumed her place through peril, toil and war, and by these means she has maintained her supremacy.

What of the future? Must she again incarnadine her hands in brother's blood? Shall the passions which have broken all restraint in Europe be let loose in our midst? I believe a new age is dawning; night may linger and men's hearts fail as the watchman's who has looked long for the morning, but morning comes at last. Out of the distress in Europe will come a fuller realization of the rights of man, thrones will topple; they may not fall yet, but the people will have a greater place in national affairs and it will be harder to drive them to war. They will say to the ruler who says, "Fight, slay," "No; these men are my brothers." At the evacuation of Premsytle the Russians shared their food and blankets with the cold, hungry garrison, proving that the Russian is no different from Yankee or Southern. It is only a question of which emotions will finally prevail, sense of obedience to self-constituted rulers or sense of human brotherhood. And in spite of all past failures of Christianity we believe that brotherliness will triumph. Else the Gospel of Jesus Christ is not all-powerful.

Do the questions that plunge Europe into war from time to time seem any more important or less capable of friendly solution than the questions that once divided our states, but which no longer cause the slightest ill feeling? Are there not serious differences of opinion and sentiment and financial interest between the various sections of our land? They do not produce threats of war; they are often merely productive of a healthy and entirely friendly rivalry. Has fifty years of peace, during which a process of amalgama-

tion has proceeded, meant nothing in the history of civilization?

Even more significant are the hundred years of peace between our nation and the great nation which we fought twice, and which in consequence was till recently regarded as our natural enemy, Great Britain. Questions left unsettled even by our second war with her, trade and commercial competition, territorial boundaries, colonization rights, spheres of influences, interference with other American countries, even in the collection of just debts, dozens of matters constantly arising might and did threaten the peace between the two peoples. But for a hundred years all questions that could not be settled between the two governments have been referred to tribunals and the decisions of the tribunals have always been acquiesced in cheerfully, even though both sides felt that they had not received all they should. The chief questions that have arisen have mainly concerned us and our Canadian cousins, yet there has been peace along a border extending three thousand miles from ocean to ocean and another thousand miles between Alaska and the Yukon Territory, four thousand miles, the greatest boundary between any two nations, absolutely without fort, warship or even patrol!

Through all these hundred years, excepting for short periods when European nations were at war with each other, any one of the larger nations, Great Britain especially, could have attacked us and in our unprepared state could have defeated us. But we have been in no danger. Do not these facts give the lie to those who cry out for increased armament? The easiest prey to European ambitions, the nation least acceptable to autocratic monarchies because of its leadership in the democratization of the world, has been the safest. Now that we are stronger than ever, both relatively and actually, shall we be stampeded by those who have factories and shipyards that they would fill with orders for instruments of destruction? God forbid. When Europe is likely to learn the futility of war shall we become militarist?

What promotes peace? Abolition of distance and industrial coalition; and greater still, the sense of brotherhood, but above all, the application of Christianity to national life.

One exception to the law to love one another was allowed by the "code." Gentlemen went armed, believing in their right to settle certain questions of right and honor themselves, hence the frequency of duels. But the law of Christ prevailed at last and laws against dueling were made, till now there are few places in civilized lands where one may take the law into his own hands. Courts are provided wherein differences can be legally settled. Why can we not apply the law of Christ to nations? More and more it is being done, and when the church realizes that its place is in the van and not in the rear it will be completely done. The church has been too willing to take a secondary place in the life and activities of man. She has been too subservient to the wielders of the sword. She should assume her rightful place of leadership and should at all times insist that the laws of Christ are supreme and must supersede man-made laws which are not in accordance with His teachings. International morality is not different from individual, a certain German writer to the contrary notwithstanding. Above all laws are Christ's laws and above all nations is humanity.

An enduring and prosperous civilization cannot be built upon materialism which believes in and trusts in armaments. War breeds war; the roots of this war go deep into the past. The true national defenses are the spiritual forces of justice and co-operation and trust in God.

AN INNOVATION IN A NEW YORK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

A New York correspondent of The Presbyterian, of Philadelphia, wrote in a recent letter:

"Billy Sunday and Rev. Dr. John Henry Jowett do not conduct religious services anything alike, but far apart as they are in their English vocabulary and deportment in the pulpit, both men believe with their whole hearts in evangelism. This was proved last Sabbath afternoon, by the fact that Dr. Jowett made an appeal at the close of a sermon on 'The Kingdom of Heaven,' preached in the Fifth Avenue church, of which he is pastor, for those in his audience who were not yet Christians to 'hit the trail.'

"No, Dr. Jowett did not call the act by that name but he asked those to whom his sermon struck home, to come up the aisle, meet him, and talk with him over the claims of Christianity and to sign a card. So saying, he held a small piece of pasteboard in his hands. It was the card, and the public appeal which was rather an innovation in a church known on two continents for its conservatism.

"After the service, Dr. Jowett went quietly into his study, and a number of young persons followed him, one by one. He called his pledge, 'My Covenant with God.' There is a blank for the name and address, and the pledge reads:

" 'Humbly relying on the redeeming love of the Lord Jesus, and depending on the sustaining power of His grace, I now accept Him as my Saviour, and I surrender my life to His control, that by faith and obedience He may sanctify me into His own likeness, and use me in the service of His Kingdom.' "

It is not the custom of many ministers in the Presbyterian and Congregational churches to give the gospel invitation at the close of their sermons. But there is reason for the belief that such opportunities would often gain response.

Several years ago The Pacific erpressed the judgment that this custom so general in the "Christian" Church accounted considerably for its rapid growth.

A WORLD'S BIBLE CONGRESS.

The American Bible Society has acceded to the request of the Panama-Pacific Exposition to hold in San Francisco a World's Bible Congress. The date has been fixed for August 1st to 4th, and President Wilson has accepted the Honorary Presidency of it. The actual President will be Mr. James Wood, President of the Society. In extent of influence, and in diversity of testimony concerning the power, place and influence of the Bible from many great religious bodies of the world this Congress will be unlike any ever held.

While the Turkish Empire is at war the Synod of the Eastern Orthodox Greek Church met at Constantinople. The Patriarch of Constantinople informed the Synod that he had been invited by the American Bible Society to take part in this Congress. The Synod cordially accepted and named to act with him the Bishop of Nicea, the leading member of the Synod; the Bishop of Sardes, who is the

Director of the Greek National College and the Bishop of Seleuceia, the director of the Theological Seminary at Halki. In hardly less warlike circumstances the Rev. Dr. Abraham Kuyper of Holland also accepts. He was once Prime Minister, and is now a senator and editor of a newspaper. He was also the founder and first president of the University of Amsterdam.

Prof. Benjamin B. Warfield of Princeton Seminary, a famous theologian; Prof. Giovanni Luzzi of Florence, a reviser of the Italian Bible version; agents of the Bible Society in Constantinople, China and Siam; translators of the Bible into Spanish, Portuguese and Italian, and missionaries from many fields will be heard in this Congress.

It is one hundred years since the American Bible Society was formed. In New York, on May 8th to 11th, 1916, the anniversary is to be celebrated. The Rev. Henry O. Dwight of the Society is preparing a history of one hundred years of the Bible in America, and he will offer at the Congress a paper on the same general theme.

The Society will also have an exhibit of its Bibles continuing throughout the Exposition. There will be picture-lectures on Bible work in various countries given in a picture theater, which has been specially constructed for the use of missionary societies.

Peculiarly appropriate at the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be an address at the Congress by the Society's Agent at Panama, where the Society is about to erect a Bible House similar to the one built by the British and Foreign Bible Society at Suez. The Rev. Mr. Hayter, the Agent of the American Bible Society at Panama, was sent by the Society to Suez to study the methods employed and he will tell of this at the Congress.

The Society also hopes to secure a paper from an eminent Roman Catholic scholar in Europe on the Latin Bible. There is now a Papal Commission revising its text. A committee under the auspices of the American and British Societies is now sitting in Madrid, revising and perfecting the Spanish translation of the Bible, and the Rev. Dr. Drees, a well-known Methodist, who is one of the revisers, will contribute a paper. There will also be one by the Rev. Francisco Diez, a native Spaniard, who has been a reviser of the Spanish Version, recently called to be pastor of a Spanish congregation in New York City.

SILVER ANNIVERSARY OF SOUTHERN BRANCH OF WOMAN'S BOARD OF PACIFIC.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union and the Southern Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, which came off at Long Beach April 13-15, was an event of great importance to the Congregational women of Southern California. The occasion was of notable interest in that it marked the silver anniversary of the Branch and the twenty-seventh anniversary of the Union, and it was also the first convention to be held in the splendid new Congregational church at Long Beach which was completed and occupied the 1st of last January. The hearty welcome and delightful entertainment, offered by the church, pastor and people, added much to the enjoyment of the delegates who assembled in full force from all over Southern California.

This new Long Beach church, by the way, which was erected at an expense of something like $150,000, is the last word in modern equipment and elegance from the kitchen in the basement with its elaborate culinary arrangements to the great auditorium with its seating capacity of 1400 and its magnificent pipe organ. The pastor, Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, gave an address of exceptional interest at the opening session of the convention, taking as his subject "The Present World Outlook for Missions." He called attention to the fact that, preceding the outbreak of the terrible war that is now convulsing all Europe, there had never been a time when the crisis was so acute in heathen lands and the situation so crucial. Old Oriental religions were breaking up and the heathen world was in a state of plasticity, ready to be molded into Christianity when, suddenly without warning and without just cause, the Christian world went to war. The effect of this spectacle on heathenism is serious and disastrous beyond comprehension. He predicted, however, that the ultimate result may be the establishment in heathen lands of self-supporting, self-sustaining and self-respecting native churches.

Mrs. J. H. Lash of Pasadena, president of the Southern Branch, presided over the meetings of the Branch, and Mrs. Mary Porter Haines, vice-president of the Union, owing to the indisposition of the president, Mrs. George Robertson, presided over the sessions of the Union.

In the limited space permissible it is impossible to give more than a few snapshots from the convention. The addresses of Miss Miriam L. Woodberry of New York were of exceeding interest. She gave graphic glimpses of that tide of foreign immigrants that sweeps daily through the gates of Ellis Island, and of their gradual assimilation of American ideas and ideals. At the general conference conducted by Miss Woodberry during the final session she gave practical suggestions of great value drawn from her wide experience as traveling secretary.

Other visitors who contributed to the program were Miss M. D. Wingate and Mrs. Osbornson of Chicago who brought greetings from the Board of the Interior, and Dr. J. K. Browne, the veteran missionary, who gave two addresses. One of the fine features was the pageant presented by Miss Romola Adams whose wonderful gift of story-telling has made the Sunday School of the Long Beach church famous. She gave an hour of missionary story-telling illustrated by living pictures presented by the Sunday School children and young people, which was of absorbing interest.

The financial side of the program played no small part. In memory of the 25th anniversary of the Branch a feature of the first session was the silver offering when the treasurers of the different auxiliaries formed in line and, to the inspiring strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," marched around the auditorium leaving their silver offerings with the secretary as they filed past. The sum total amounted to $372, which is to be devoted toward liquidating the debt to the American Board for funds advanced for the work at Brousa, Turkey. By means of a lively blackboard exercise led by Mrs. Haines and Mrs. Geo. H. Clark of Los Angeles, $100 in cash was quickly raised as a contribution to the fund for the Woman's Congress of Missions to be held in San Francisco in June. The report of the treasurers showed that the $7000 pledges of both Union and Branch had been fully met and it was voted to make the aim $7500 for each for the coming year. The general average gift per capita was about $5, while the women of Ontario touched the high-water mark with a per capita average of $14.75.

Mrs. J. H. Harwood of Inglewood, the first president of the Southern Branch and the only living member of that board of twenty-five years ago, gave a reminiscent address,

and greetings were read from Mrs. J. H. Williams of Palo Alto, president for twenty years.

One of the decidedly interesting features was the address given by Mrs. Jose Falcon, wife of the pastor of the Presbyterian-Congregational Mexican mission church in Los Angeles. A woman of exceedingly attractive appearance and personality, but unable to speak a word of English, her musical Spanish was ably interpreted by Mrs. J. D. Eaton who prefaced the address with a description of the work being done by this splendid co-operation of denominational forces.

Rev. Ralph B. Larkin, the capable superintendent of Home Missions, whose resignation from that office has created wide regret, told the delegates some things they ought to know about this work. The report for both the Union and the Branch by Mrs. H. K. W. Bent, secretary of the Union, was of absorbing interest. Mrs. Bent has a rare gift of humor which so interlarded and spiced her report that it held the close attention of all. The review of the quarter century of work of the Branch was most sympathetically given by Mrs. I. S. Watson of Plymouth Church, Los Angeles.

The plan for establishing a home for the children of missionaries was presented by Miss Mary L. Porter of San Diego. It frequently becomes advisable for workers on the foreign field to place their children between the ages of twelve and twenty, when they are yet too young to enter college, in the home land. Through the generosity of Mrs. Wm. Renwick of Claremont, the site for such a home has been given and was dedicated the 12th of last February in Claremont, which is the seat of Pomona College and hence an ideal location for such a home. It is proposed to build here a comfortable home, to be presided over by a capable, motherly woman who will look after the children of missionaries consigned to her care. The plan also embraces the erection of a group of cottages to surround the home, to be occupied by parents of the children when they are on furlough.

The election of officers resulted as follows: So. Branch, W. B. M. P., Honorary President, Mrs. J. H. Williams of Palo Alto; President, Mrs. J. H. Lash of Pasadena; Vice-President, Mrs. Shelton Bissell of La Jolla; Treasurer, Miss Emily Barrett of Pasadena; Auditor, Mrs. S. E. Hughes of Pasadena; Secretary, Mrs. E. Y. Partridge of Whittier.

Southern California W. H. M. U.: Honorary President, Mrs. Warren F. Day of Los Angeles; President, Mrs. George Robertson of Redlands; Vice-President, Mrs. H. L. Hoyt of Eagle Rock; Secretary, Mrs. H. K. W. Bent of Los Angeles; Treasurer, Mrs. E. C. Norton of Claremont.

HENRIETTA B. FREEMAN.
"Sidney Ford."

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RETREAT.

This is an annual meeting held by the Congregational ministers of Southern California immediately after Easter at Avalon, Catalina Island, and is for rest and spiritual uplift—especially the latter. Sixty-five were in attendance this year. Report was made concerning it at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday, by three persons who had been there, Secretary Fisher of Sunday School & Publishing Society, Dr. Brooks of the First Church of Berkeley, and the Rev. J. H. Mallows of Plymouth Church, Los Angeles.

Mr. Fisher spoke of the cosmopolitan make-up—Armenians, Japanese, Africans and Germans being among those in attendance; and of the exceedingly fine fraternity and fellowship.

Among the addresses of great interest and value were those by Messrs. Kingman, Maile, and Toomay on "The Heart of the Preacher's Message," and those by Messrs. Loba, Morrison, and Bissell on "The Problem of Sin and Suffering."

Both Mr. Fisher and Dr. Brooks dwelt on the contribution made by the Rev. G. M. Morrison of the North Church, Pasadena, who, lifted above the depressing influence which suffering often leaves, spoke out of his own experience in remarkably beautiful spirit and with profound impressiveness. Mr. Mallows told of two "remarkable addresses" by Dr. Brooks 'who contributed largely to the interest and value of the assemblage."

One of the meetings never to be forgotten was the one at the close of which all felt that the address by Dr. Brooks was a real benediction and that devout meditation by each in the quiet of his room was a fitting following.

Intensely interesting, said Mr. Mallows also, was that other hour—and the hour or two following it—when Dr. Brooks gave an address which was so provocative of questions that the half hour or more before lunch was not sufficient for the questions and answers, and all the time that afternoon until the boat came to carry them back to the mainland was taken up therewith—but all in the spirit of tolerance and devotion, and not at all for controversy.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Ocean Beach.—The Rev. M. A. Martin has resigned at Ocean Beach and has accepted work under the American Missionary Association in Tenneessee. His postoffice address in Tennessee is Crosville.

Oakland, Fourth.—Four persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday. Fourth Church rejoices in the strength which has come by the addition of 47 new members in the last three months.

San Francisco, Park.—Tuesday evening of last week while on her way to the First Congregational Church, Mrs. Miller, wife of the Rev. Henry G. Miller, pastor of Park Church, fell on the street and sustained a fracture of the arm and shoulder blade.

Pomona.—On Sunday, April 18, the pulpit of Pilgrim church was occupied both morning and evening by Mr. Whitman A. Hillis, of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. Mr. Hillis, who is a brother of Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, made a strong appeal at the morning service for an awakening to the call of Christian missions, building his address on the words recorded in Esther 8:14. In the evening he spoke on "The Fight of the Church Against Sin."

Alameda.—This church has met with a great loss in the death of Mr. Samuel A. Ross, its clerk for many years and also one of the deacons. Remarkable tribute was paid to him by the men who work on the docks of the American

Steel Company in San Francisco, with whom Mr. Ross had a clerical position, and under whose direction these stevedores worked. They sent to his funeral services a beautiful floral remembrance along with words to the effect that he was the finest Christian man they had ever come in contact with.—Easter Sunday 14 persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the church, 12 on confession. The day was a memorable one, with large attendance at all the services.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. J. H. Mallows, who has been pastor of Plymouth Church, Los Angeles, for fourteen years, is taking a vacation in this part of California.

The Rev. Dr. Horace C. Mason of the University Congregational Church, Seattle, preached in the chapel at Stanford University last Sunday morning.

The Rev. E. J. Singer has been suffering again from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, but is improving now at Dr. Sanderson's sanitarium in Berkeley.

The Rev. Dr. Aked and Mrs. Aked go on Wednesday of this week to Honolulu, for a three weeks' visit. Next Sunday morning the pulpit will be occupied by Rabbi Meyer.

Dr. and Mrs. Van Horn are in Southern California for a brief visit. Next Sunday the pulpit of the First Church, Oakland, will be occupied by President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity plan to hold their annual outdoor meeting on Monday May the 3rd, in Mill Valley. The Ministers' Wives' Club has been invited to unite in this meeting.

The graduation exercises of Pacific Theological Seminary will be held on Thursday, April the 29th, at 3:30 in the afternoon. The address this year will be given by the Rev. Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith, the New York Secretary of the American Board.

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Day of the 1st Congregational Church of Los Angeles preaches at Stanford University next Sunday. Friday evening of this week he is to speak at the Young People's Banquet in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley.

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will celebrate the 95th birthday of Chaplain Joseph Rowell, which occurs on Thursday of this week. At the meeting on Monday there will be early California reminiscences by the Rev. Drs. Pond and Frear at the regular hour, 11 a. m., and after that lunch will be served in the parlors of the First Congregational Church, and there will be around-the-table talks. Persons not members will be welcome at the regular meeting and at the lunch. Those wishing lunch should notify the Rev. G. A. Charnock, 1587 Eleventh avenue, San Francisco, as early as Saturday. The charge for lunch will be 50 cents.

NEW MURAL PAINTING IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, OAKLAND.

"In the elder days of Art" the relation of the Artist to the Church was familiar and intimate; and indeed has never been entirely lost. The decoration unveiled recently in Plymouth Church, Oakland, was suggested, and painted for its place, by Mr. Ray Coyle as a free gift and labor of love. Mr. Coyle's "text" in the conception and execution of the work was from a Psalm and song of David, "Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice."

The original intention was that this quotation should appear as an inscription on the mural painting, but, as the work progressed, it seemed to become a sufficiently clear modern Californian paraphrase of the words.

Those of us who love Plymouth Church for what it is, for what has gone into the building of it of the work of our hands, and of the personal sacrifice of others, at which we can only guess, will deeply appreciate Mr. Coyle's service to our Church, and the spirit in which his noble landscape has been painted and given to us.

Readers of The Pacific will be interested in the information that Mr. Coyle is a son of the Rev. Dr. Robert F. Coyle who was for many years the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. H. A.

WASHINGTON.

A Message From Pastor to People.

The calendar of Plymouth Church, Seattle, on April the 11th, contained the following from the new pastor, the Rev. Hugh G. Ross:

"I feel constrained to express, through the Herald, my deep appreciation of all the kindness that has been shown me since I came amongst you in February. In two short months, you have made me feel very much at home, even though I am further away from home than I have ever been before. I have been inspired by the fine congregations of Sunday mornings, and the well-filled room on Thursdays. I believe these Thursday gatherings have an important part to play in the building up of our Christian life, and trust that this will be recognized by an increasingly large number of the people. The part of our work where the possibility of improvement is most obvious is the Sunday evening service. I see no reason why, with a large population like ours, the Church should not be as well filled every Sunday night as it was on Easter evening. Especially would I rejoice to see the building filled with young men and women. Please try to interest all your younger friends in this service, and let us all join in earnest prayer that our Sunday evening work may be the means of leading many young lives into the kingdom of God. Let us remember that a wise evangelism has an essential place in the program of any church that would claim to be loyal to the demands of the New Testament. In such a city as our own, there is, to my mind, a clamant need of such direct evangelism and much can be done, toward the strengthening of the minister's hands, by all the people of the congregation seeking, in their own ways, to bring the careless and the undecided to our evening services. But I would also remind you that a preacher is always mightily upheld in such evangelistic work by the knowledge that many earnest prayerful people are in his audience. Let as many of us, therefore, as are able to do so, determine that we will attend the Lord's house not once but twice each Sunday, in the morning, especially for our own sakes, and in the evening, largely for the sake of others. Thus we shall more and more deeply enter into the fellowship of our divine Master."

With God, go over the sea—without Him, not over the threshold.—Russian Proverb.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Congregational Church of Portland had a noteworthy experience last Sunday evening. Dr. Dyott asked a representative, as I understand it, to invite the men who congregate at the "Men's Resort," many of whom have no stated employment, to attend the Sunday evening meeting of the Society, with the understanding that they would be given a cordial welcome and served with sandwiches and coffee. It was expected that probably fifty would respond. The young people were agreeably surprised by the appearance of one hundred and sixty. Refreshments were served and a short session of the Society followed. When this closed Dr| Dyott invited all who felt disposed to attend the regular evening service, and left the room. Then one of the guests of the evening, quite a young man, arose and said, "follow the leader," whereupon the entire number followed him into the auditorium and remained during the evening, giving excellent evidence of appreciation for the opportunity.

President Thomas McClelland, President of Knox College, Illinois, a former President of Pacific University for nine years, was in this city yesterday visiting the alumni of both institutions.

Rabbi Jonah B. Wise, of the Congregation Beth-Israel, addressed the Atkinson Memorial Congregational Church this evening upon the subject of "The Jew as an Immigrant."

Among numerous old letters secured recently by me for the Oregon Historical Society was one from Rev. H. .H Spalding, the associate of Dr. Marcus Whitman in the establishing of the Missions of the A. B. C. F. M., in Oregon Territory in the latter part of 1836. Believing that all letters are of interest to readers of the Pacific this one is submitted as follows:

Clearwater, March 8, 1847.

Dear Brother:

Last week I returned from Waiilatpu with my children where they have been at school under the care of Mr. Geiger, a most excellent teacher. I am pleased with their improvement. I wish your children had enjoyed the school also. Mr. Geiger with six young men left last week for Walamette. Mr. Grant and family from Fort Hall has been detained 6 weeks in Grand Round by snow on Blue mountains and will have to remain much longer. It appears the boundary is settled at 49 degree without war. Bless the Lord of our souls that he has interposed to prevent the destruction of life and the production of untold evils.

Sad news from the Applegate party. A letter from Mr. Barlom 2 Jan. informs me that about ¼ had arrived and they on foot, having lost everything and endured sufferings not to be named. The remainder were back 300 or 400 miles, annoyed by Indians, dying fast, and when the cold set in which was two weeks after must nearly or quite all perish. It seems the route is some 300 miles further than this and through the most dangerous Indians west of Rocky Mountains. The man who led off so many hundreds of men, women and children to be exposed in these regions is the man who could curse us when he passed our mission simply because we were missionaries.

This has been the severest winter as to snow, cold weather and want of grass ever known by the oldest Indians in this region. Very many horses and cattle have died. I tremble to hear from your place. We fear you have lost all. There has been snow and cold weather for three months. For two weeks snow was over a foot deep in this valley. The 16 and 17 January were the coldest days I have experienced in the country; think mercury would have fallen to 30 below zero.

Mrs. Spalding was confined 12 Dec.; daughter, Amelia Lorena. Doctor W. was with us. Mrs. Spalding's brother and Mr. Gilbert start for Wallamette tomorrow. We hope the former will return and spend the winter with us. I cannot see as there can be a meeting before about the first of June. Had you rather it would be at your place? If it will make no difference to you perhaps it had better be here. It will be a pleasant time of the year to travel.

Mrs. Spalding joins in Christian regards to Mrs. Walker and yourself.

Yours very truly,
H. H. SPALDING.

Superscription:
Rev. E. Walker, Cimakin.
Favor J. M. Hart.

For The Children.

ROY'S TRIAL.

Nellie Blessing Eyster.

"My precious boy, do nothing that you cannot ask God to bless. It will save you many a heartache," said Mrs. Eaton, as kissing her darling son for the last time, she came down the gangway of the splendid Atlantic steamer, and left her handsome Roy standing upon its deck.

Roy was en route for San Francisco, in charge of his mother's friends who were to consign him to the care of his uncle upon his arrival in that city. The voyage from New York to Aspinwall lasted eight days. The captain of the "Colon" was just the kind of a man to win and hold the heart of an adventurous boy like Roy, and the two soon became good friends. Many an hour did the captain hold the boy spellbound as he told him tales of his adventures upon Pacific seas, and in the far-off Indies, and to show the Captain that he appreciated his condescension to amuse him became one of Roy's efforts.

As the vessel neared the Isthmus of Panama, where the passengers were to exchange steamers, Roy's spirits fell. He dreaded the separation. The gong rang for the last dinner aboard the "Colon" and the tables were soon filled.

"Sit by me today, Roy," said the captain, and the boy was delighted with the honor.

That dinner was unusually gay, and wine, at the captain's expense, began to circulate freely.

Everybody drank to the captain's toast: "My passengers: May our friendship have no wreck, and may we meet again at the end of our life voyage."

Everybody but Roy, whose tiny goblet remained untouched!

"How is this?" said the captain, observing it. "Don't you understand the process, Roy? Tip off your glass, my boy, and show your sympathy."

"I do wish it, Captain, with all my heart," modestly replied Roy.

"Then drink to the wish like any manly boy should."

Roy's face was crimson, for the attention of those around him had been arrested by the Captain's loud tones. His answer was very low. "Please excuse me, sir. I cannot drink wine."

"Nonsense! What have you against this? It is older

than you are, yet wouldn't hurt a baby. Be a man. Here." and he lifted it to Roy's lips.

"I cannot, Captain, for at last 'it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'"

"This is not the time or place in which to spout a boy's temperance speech," said the Captain, as he turned coldly away from him, ordering his guests and his own glasses refilled. But, again, as though determined not to be repulsed by a mere child, he spoke:

"Come, Roy, we have had too many pleasant hours together to part this way; drink once, like a fine fellow. It is a very little thing, and oblige me."

It was a very little thing, seemingly, to simply swallow those few drops of delicious wine and retain the Captain's friendship. It was a very great thing to be conscious that many eyes were curiously watching him, and lips sneering at what seemed his childish obstinacy, but far above these arose his mother's last words. A narrow blue ribbon was tied in his button-hole. It represented the Loyal Temperance Legion pledge, which he had vowed to keep. Could he ask God to bless this most unnecessary step in what might be to him, as it had been to thousands of others, the path to ruin?

He looked appealingly in the tempter's face.

"Captain, I will do anything else to oblige you, but this —please excuse me—for—(here his voice faltered) 'my mother's sake!"

"It is of no consequence; I despise prigs," replied the Captain; and turning his shoulder to the embarrassed boy, he took no farther notice of him.

"Roy's heart swelled, but not with indignation. A great lump filled his throat. He was afraid that he was going to do that girlish thing, to cry, and whispering: "Will you allow me to leave, sir," put his napkin to his mouth.

"Certainly," was the Captain's coldly polite reply, scarcely noticing the little bow with which Roy acknowledged the permission. It was hours after when the vessel landed at Aspinwall, and during that time Roy seemed to have lived a century of gloom and sadness. Then followed the confusion of unloading and landing, and amid the bewilderment of it all Roy forgot all but the good times he had had on the steamer "Colon."

The cars which were to convey the passengers to Panama were nearly filled, when Roy, turning, saw the Captain standing at the depot with a group of men around him in a fog of cigar-smoke.

Gratitude for the Captain's kindness, and a doubt whether he would notice him, were in conflict in his mind. The former conquered. Approaching him he timidly held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Captain, I wish you were going with us," said Roy.

"Ah, is it you, my boy; and not angry either? Well, midget, I like your pluck if I don't approve of your strict temperance principles.

"For your mother's sake! Ah, there's the rub! Honor her, and you'll make a man. Forgive me, Roy, I'm a rough old fellow at times, but I take stock in you, my boy. Good-bye," with a hearty shake. "Good-bye," with a still heartier, "May we voyage together once more!" And thus ended Roy's first trial.

2618 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

A GIRL WHOM EVERYBODY LOVES.

"Mother," asked Lutie, "may I have two little apples instead of a big one in my luncheon to-day?"

"I'm sorry, dear, but there's is only one big apple left. I used the rest for pies yesterday and kept this out for you."

Lutie went into the pantry and inspected the apple thoughtfully. Her face cleared. "This one will be all right, mother. It is such a big one! Are apples very dear, mother?"

"Why, rather, at this season; but there will always be as many as my little girl wants to eat."

"Oh, yes, I know that; but there is a girl in our class who never has an apple in her luncheon. There are four girls at their house and three boys, so it takes a lot of bread. Boys eat so much bread. She says her mother has to bake every other day. So if apples are dear, I suppose that is why she never has one. This is so big I can give her half. You see, if it was a small one she wouldn't want to take half of it, for fear I might not have enough."

"I shall order more to-day, so there will be plenty in the morning," said mother.

Lutie laughed. "I want to tell you such a funny thing, mother. You know I have four gingham school dresses, but where there are four girls that makes only one apiece; so Mary's mother washes theirs out Saturday morning and irons them Saturday afternoon. They have some old dresses they wear at home. She must be a very smart woman," said Lutie.

Mother laughed, too. "Very clever indeed. Did Mary tell you that?"

"Yes. She said she knew we would notice that she always wore the same dress, and she was afraid we would think it never was washed.

"You might put in another piece of pie or cake for her, too," said mother, but Lutie shook her head.

"I think I better not do that," she said. "She mighn't like it. At school we don't give each other pie or cake or bread, as if we were poor folks, but candy and apples— we all give each other those," she explained.

"So Mary isn't poor folks?" asked mother.

"Why, Mother Ralston!" exclaimed Lutie, with a shocked look. "Mary Dalton poor folks? I should say not. She is the head girl in our room. She sits in the back seat in the first row and takes care of the copybooks and notebooks. She is head of her class, and last month she had the highest grade in the school—the whole school—the whole school, mother! She never whispers nor plays in school; and we hardly ever do, either, because we are afraid Mary might see us. I'd almost rather the teacher would see me whisper than Mary. You see, mother, we have a new teacher every year, but we have always had Mary. She is so good and sweet that everybody loves her."

"I see," said mother. "I think she is a very rich little girl."

"Yes, indeed!" cried Lutie.—Exchange.

ONE COUNTRY.

God grant that not only the love of liberty, but a thorough knowledge of the rights of man, may pervade all the nations of the earth, so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere on its surface and say, This is my country.— Franklin.

Whoso cannot obey cannot be free.—Carlyle.

Fear nothing and hope all things, as the Right
Alone may do securely; every hour
The thrones of ignorance and ancient night
Lose somewhat of their long-usurped power.
—James Russell Lowell.

A LUCKY MISTAKE.

Benny was very lonely as he strolled through the woods that summer morning. He had seemed to make no headway in getting acquainted with the fellows in town. They had never mistreated him in any way, but they did not encourage his attempts at friendliness; or so he thought. He had hoped they would ask him to come with them to their camp in Coonrod's woods, and help them cook the pancakes and pies and gingerbread, which they were always talking about, but so far he had been disappointed.

Presently, as he idled gloomily along, he came in sight of the camp—a white tent pitched in the shade of a group of maples. How his boy's heart longed to enter through the lazily flapping door and inspect the cosy interior! He was sure it would be cosy. At any rate, had he been permitted to have a hand in the furnishing, it would be cosy. Why not take just a peep inside? The boys were evidently away on a fishing trip; he could see that the rods which usually stood beside the tent were gone, and it was not at all likely that their owners would return before noon. Surely it would not hurt anything to take just one look, so long as he did not disturb anything. He hesitated a moment, then walked slowly toward the tent, half ashamed of his curiosity, but eager to learn how the camp was arranged inside. At the tent door he paused, listening to hear if anyone were within; then, satisfied that everyone was gone, he lifted the tent flap.

What he beheld within brought a dismayed exclamation to his lips. The contents of the tent were in the wildest disorder. The camp stools were overturned, the bedclothes pulled off the beds and scattered over the floor, the camp table was lying on its side, its dishes and victuals scattered in confusion, and in the middle of all the wreck was standing Judge Osborne's Jersey calf! With a quick jump and shout Benny put the calf to flight, and sent it scampering over the brow of a nearby hill; then he turned about to see what he could do to remedy things in the camp. He was badly puzzled. He did not know how things had been arranged, or where he should replace the scattered articles. As he stood irresolute, he heard voices outside, and in a moment more the fishing party was at the door of the camp. Foster Jackson, the leader of the boys, gave an exclamation of surprise as he saw Benny standing inside the tent, and his astonishment quickly changed to anger as he noted the condition of the camp's interior.

"Well, now, you have done something smart, haven't you?" he demanded, his eyes flashing. "You're a fine fellow, I must say, to sneak in here and tear everything up while we were gone." He turned to the other boys, who were crowded closely behind him. "What do you think about it, fellows?"

"It's a mean, cowardly trick," declared Jack Harper. "We ought to give him a good trouncing, I think."

"I don't see what he wanted to tear things up for," exclaimed Ross Porter "We've never done anything to him."

"Guess he was mad because he wasn't invited out here with the rest of us," observed Foster. "Was that it?" he demanded of Benny.

The poor fellow could not answer. Hurt beyond measure because of the suspicions and accusations directed toward him, and feeling that anything he might say would be derided as an attempt to evade punishment, he only stood miserably silent. Then, as the injustice of it all came home to him, his face burned and his teeth clenched angrily. They had no right to accuse him without proof of his guilt! Let them think what they would, he was not going to stay there and be subjected to any undeserved indignity. Stepping quickly backward, he dropped to the floor, and rolled under the bed, and thence out under the flapping sides of the tent. The boys gave a shout and sprang toward the bed, but before they learned what he had done he was far away, racing toward the creek.

"Let him go, fellows," said Foster. "He isn't worth chasing if he's little enough to do a trick like this. I didn't think a chap could be so mean!" His glance swept the disordered camp. "Come, let's get this mess straightened up. He certainly did a thorough job, I'll say that much for him."

The boys set to work with a will and began to replace things where they belonged. As Foster was putting the tablecloth upon the righted table he suddenly gave a startled gasp, and his face flushed. The other boys turned quickly, to behold their leader gazing ruefully at a corner of the tablecloth, which was wet and wrinkled and torn. Foster cleared his throat and looked shamefacedly about. "Boys," he said, "Benny Westlake had nothing to do with this mess. Look at the corner of this tablecloth. It has been chewed to a frazzle, and no boy could have done anything like this, even if he had wanted to. That good-for-nothing Jersey calf of Osborne's has been in here. I guess Benny had just driven him out when we got here, and was waiting to tell us about it. We're a bunch of idiots!"

The other boys were silent; all as ashamed as their leader. Finally Ross voiced the sentiments of all.

"We've got to hunt him up and square ourselves with him," he declared. Then, after a pause, "We haven't treated him just exactly right, anyhow. One could hardly have blamed him for wanting to get even with us."

"That's so, too," returned Foster, and the other boys gave like opinions. "Well, let's scatter out and see if we can find him. He went toward the creek. Ross and I will go that way, and the rest of you fellows can hunt where you like. I think we'll find him down by the swimming hole."—Christian Guardian.

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